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ART IN AMERICA

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE
PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY
VOLUME VII · NUMBER IV
JUNE 1919

EDITED BY
FREDERIC FAIRCHILD SHERMAN



PUBLISHED AT
SEVENTEEN-NINETY BROADWAY
NEW YORK CITY

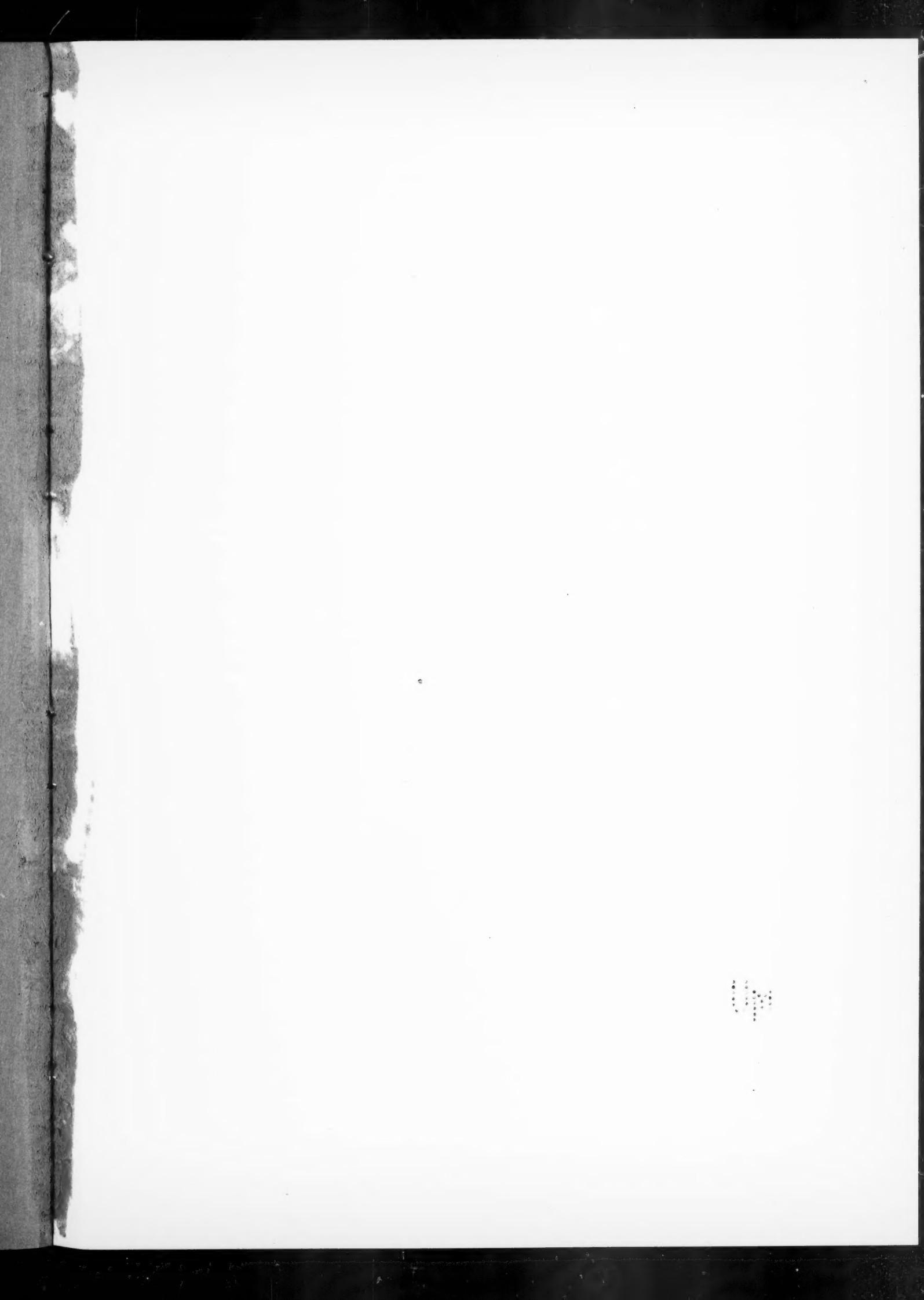
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NEW YORK. PARIS.





J. L. DAVID: MME. DE RICHEMOND AND HER SON.
Collection of Mr. E. J. Berwind, New York.

ART IN AMERICA · AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE · VOLUME VII
NUMBER IV · JUNE MCMXIX

JACQUES LOUIS DAVID · BY HENRY CARO-DEL-VAILLE

THREE is in the French spirit a dualism which sustains its genius throughout history; its character, however, from time to time is subject to variation. One may follow its successive reactions in art: gracious or austere, easy or disciplined, sensual or ascetic.

David, in the evolution of painting, acted as a promoter of one of those reactions inherent to the vitality of the race. He was born August 30, 1740, at a time when art was sponsored by the dissolute nobility and profligate financiers. The taste was for charming mythologies, for amorous pastorals and airily draped assemblies. There were great masters in this style, to be sure, Boucher, Van Loo and Coypel, who with pliant and spiritual brushes evoked opulent goddesses with pearly flesh; flights of nymphs and cupids, in an apotheosis of the Dawn. There was also the superb Fragonard, who in the golden haze of a summer's day conjured the laughter and the play of lovers in the blossoming gardens of France.

There was in this charming art the desire of a whole society to forget its immediate life and to find sanctuary in the illusions of dreams. Watteau had led the way, conducting his troupes of comedians and sophisticated nobles toward his enchanted Island of Cythère. Poet, and deeply human, his languid dream was filled with regrets and gentle sighs. The lonely figure, wandering in the wood, does not feel, in his amorous visions, the whispered vows, the murmured farewells, all the dying epoch which is to be swept into the abyss.

Imagine, then, the impending drama: a dissolute régime, a society striving to forget in revelry, and in the midst of its careless pursuits, certain convinced characters, issuing from the crowd with new ideas, some freaks of nature and her laws, with a generous desire to rediscover the sources of Truth, of Right and Justice. These were the Encyclopedists, men of absolute science, the pro-

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phetic apostles of human development. Their philosophy was to upset the world!

At the time we find David, as a pupil of the Academy, intrusted to the administrative instruction of twelve professors, who alternated monthly. Here, art was ruled by pleasant formulas which conduced to a virtuosity of handling often more clever than the spirit that governed it. Meanwhile, aside from the mannerisms and those pedagogic trifles, some real masters, isolated from the official world, worked with will and humility: La Tour, Perroneau, Chardin.

Having won the Prix de Rome, David went, almost against his wishes, to the Eternal City. The artist at this time was a young man of thirty-four, a serious and docile student, his character, however, well defined; his obstinate physiognomy explaining a violent, sombre, yet, withal, simple nature. It was precisely this very absence of shadings in his character that isolated him from the dilettantism of the period. He belonged to the group of the convinced, and he only lacked the motives imposed upon his conviction. Events will serve a dynamic temperament. Rome revealed to him a past which struck his determined and positive spirit. For some time, Poussin, with his Roman austerities, had been relegated to obscurity. He had ceased to be the fashion. David was to become the apostle born to resurrect the fallen gods and to delineate the ideal upon his canvases in reviving the antique world.

He understood the severity of Roman sculpture and the cold formulas of the Hellenistic works of the Decadence. He had, so to speak, no doctrines. He chiefly demonstrated a willingness to find a confirmation in the spontaneous examples of the past. He went directly to those models which impressed themselves so strongly upon his violent imagination. He retained the vigorous and simplified prototypes which constituted his table of laws. When you reflect upon the paltry productions of the time, you will find that he translates the literal character of bronze or marble, which he imposes without change, to the art of painting. We must add to this arbitrary interpretation, the philosophical ideas of the moment, the desire to enlighten the people and "to liberate them from the bondage of tyrants," the moral inclinations after Diderot or Rousseau—a *mélange* of grandiloquent sentimentalism and dogmatism which heralded the coming of a Universal Republic. Can we not, therefore, understand how well David seized his opportunity?

We know the pictures that established his fame: Bélisaire, The Sorrows of Andromache over the Body of her Husband, the Horaces, Marius at Minturnæ, Socrates, Brutus and, finally, the famous Rape of the Sabines. If we analyze the first revelations of this Master, we will find them academic, scholastic, but sustained by a creative strength which is never abandoned. There is, in the effort which dominates his work, something of fierceness which attains to a stoical power, power which is conserved by the reading of Plutarch, or the study of the Romulus or the Brutus of antique statuary. David composed his attitude according to the examples he selected in the libraries and museums. But were not these borrowed compositions to aid the great political movements of the day and to serve by history and erudition to judge the period? The art of David supported a whole faction of which he was unconscious, the Jacobin party. David, promoted to a Revolutionary leader, planned to condemn to capital punishment the decorative painting of the aristocrats. He was seated at the head of the Tribunal of the Convention, "a convention of the arts" we might call it. Without doubt his ostracism was necessary at the moment when he imposed his despotic power; but, to be sure, if the work of David had been confined to the track he had himself traced for it, our art would have been conducted to another phase of sterility. The danger was no greater from abandon than from aridity, from sensualism than from puritanism.

Happily, it is one of the good sides of French character not to exceed the limit of a doctrine, and to know, by intuition, how to regain a normal equilibrium compromised by excess. David, the great, the true David, will never be merely the painter of The Sabines, but the painter of his time—in a word, the Portraitist. In truth, his temperament carried him toward reality, he synthetizes the great "bourgeois," he, the founder of the lay-spirit and its rationalism. By his archaeological researches he possessed a discipline which ordained and controlled his clairvoyant gifts and his extreme common sense.

If at first he perceived the style without the reality and in a dead language, his plastic studies were to aid him upon his return to realism when he applied himself to translating them in a style. It is when David employs all his eloquence to speak the language of his period that he finds himself again. The artist possessed a logical and direct vision which was not achieved in the theatrical groupings

of The Oath of the Tennis Court, of his Coronation or The Oath of the Eagles. Only when he comes face to face with nature is he in full possession of his genius. Recall his portrait of Pope Pius VII; the family of Michel Gérard, the Three Ladies of Ghent; with what veracity these physiognomies are translated! What complete self-possession the artist demonstrates, how superbly he achieves all the force and authority of his style by supreme domination, the aloofness of his distinguished sitters who make you feel that they are not the prey of emotions. However, behind the positive and practical man, one perceives a tender nature, a lover, a sentimentalist even. Think of the portrait of Madame Séritiat and her little daughter, in the Louvre. Certainly the man who painted those downy cheeks, those full and smiling lips, was not insensible to the fulness of life.

We find in America a magnificent example of the genius of David in the collection of Mr. E. J. Berwind. It is the portrait of Madame de Richmond and her son Eugène. This painting shows the quality of David at the apogee of his career. The figure has a purity of line which recalls Greek art, but Greek art recreated in the flesh and spirit by a lover of form. When you compare this accomplished work with the formless and manneristic English portraits of the same period you do not hesitate to rank David as the greatest master of plastic beauty. Its altogether feminine seduction, the silvery radiation which issues from its exquisite flesh tones, the suppleness and abandon of the pose, combine to make a really picturesque masterpiece, stripped of all pedantry. This portrait is among the highest expressions of French art. How many of such examples of discipline and free effusion are there to recompense us in our own troubled epoch?

ITALIAN PICTURES AT THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY AND ELSEWHERE: I · BY RICHARD OFFNER

THE Italian paintings that hang in the crowded rooms of the Historical Society have been known to students for some time, but they have noticed only the more significant or the readily assignable, and saving Mr. Berenson's¹ and Mr. Sirèn's² articles no seriously critical, much less consecutive, studies of them have yet

¹ *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*, XV, 1896, p. 196.

² *ART IN AMERICA*, II, 1914, pp. 263-275, 325-336.

appeared. The collection contains a small number of pictures of almost every school of importance, among others the Florentine, Sienese, Venetian, Paduan, Milanese. Narrower localization has been difficult or impossible, either because they were produced by inferior or obscure hands or because of their deplorable condition. Yet it is frequently works such as these that sharpen the features of a more important artistic personality, and always afford some readjustment towards a completer view of artistic evolution. The earliest of these is a diptych, of which one leaf, the right one (Fig. 1) appears here in reproduction;¹ its mate, representing a Virgin and angels, was published in this journal in the June number of 1914. The tone is chryselephantine with a scattering of light greens and dark blues, a pale green haunting the worn parts of the flesh. A luminous gold spreads behind and about the orange-red glory. The attribution to Bernardo Daddi requires no demonstration. The dating, however, is not easily determined. The rectangular form of the left compartment, which is uncommon, the breadth of the arrangement, the slightly raised throne, the approximate uniformity of scale would incline one for the period of the large altarpieces of S. Giorgio a Ruballa, of S. Giusto a Signano, hardly for that of the Virgin of Or San Michele. The similarity of the type, the dress and the gentleness of our Christ to that of Mr. Berenson's Daddi Virgin and Child in the pointed frame would tend to confirm my feeling. The Virgin's hand resting on a book occurring again in the small triptych² dated 1338, and in the small Vatican Madonna is not to be found in the later pictures. Again, she is more mobile here than in the Sterbini picture or in the Horne diptych and seems closer to the complete freedom of the Virgin in the Altenburg triptych. Her resemblance to all the three is obvious, as is that of the Angels and the Blessed of our diptych to the Platt and the Horne Daddis. As a result of the well-knit structure and firm modelling in our diptych and its affinity with the style of works falling approximately between 1333 (the date of the Bigallo triptych) and the 1338 triptych, on the one hand, and the broader design and type of his later works of about 1345, I should incline to date it about 1340.

The small Last Judgment is one of the most beautifully conceived paintings of the period following Giotto's death and strongly influenced by him. His influence, however, is less evident in the

¹ 11 3/4 x 7 3/4 in.

² Sirén, *Giotto and Some of his Followers*, plate 146.

Virgin, whose frequent representation has afforded opportunity for freer development, than in the Last Judgment, which is the earliest panel extant representing that subject painted by a Florentine. The heads of the saints are reminiscent of the same characters in the Ascension of the Arena Chapel and of the heads in the wings of the Medici Chapel polyptych at Sta. Croce. The eager upturned faces of the Virgin, the Baptist and the Apostles are like empty cups. Against the bright upright halos in severe profile they look like medals schematically arranged as if in unconscious symbolization of the immutability of the hierarchic system, of which the symmetrical Christ in glory is the supreme embodiment. The naked cross divides the upper from the lower portion and the blue angels announcing the Day top the composition with a pedimental crown. The high seriousness and artistic reverence expressed in this monumental miniature, make it, in spite of its condition, one of the very finest primitives in America.

The next in date is a small panel¹ (Fig. 2) representing a Virgin with saints and angels of such mixed derivation that it offers uncommon difficulties of placing. It is in the best Giottesque tradition, akin to the Academy Virgin, Taddeo Gaddi's large Uffizi panel and his Nativity at Sta. Croce. Its more immediate traditions waver between Orcagna and Daddi, who stand on the less Florentine side of Florentine painting. The shape and proportions of the panel, the relation of the figures to each other, and of the patterned mass to the form of the panel, seem to have come along with many other acquisitions from Nardo di Cione, of whose influence the altarpiece at the Historical Society is the best testimony. The contour of the brocade, and the decorative pattern are Orcagnesque, there being, as a heavily predominant rule, more geometry in the brocades and carpets of Daddi and the rest of contemporary Florentine painting. The eyes also, in spite of the leer, resemble those of the Orcagna School, those strange, ecstatic eyes that swim in a white field behind two almost straight horizontals. The lids do not meet at the corners. Isolated examples of this type of eye might of course be found almost anywhere in Florentine painting of the fourteenth century.

The little flourish at the tip of the Baptist's drapery on the left is drawn from a similar flourish in the drapery of Orcagna's Baptist

¹ 17½ x 8¾ in.

in the Jarves Collection, and a similar curve in the drapery as it settles upon the ground in the St. Peter resembles that of the St. Peter by the same master in the same collection, and in the Nardo of the Historical Society. The pattern, expression and structure of the profiles of the two little angels can be found almost anywhere in the works of Orcagna and his school and more particularly in the small Orcagnesque Adoration in New Haven.

Among the most conspicuous and peculiar traits of our painter's style is the heavy ring about the eye deepened by the surrounding high light, a mannerism to be found almost everywhere in the Orcagna school but never quite so emphatically as in the two frescoes by Daddi in S. Croce. The tight grasp, so conspicuous a singularity of our saints, occurs nowhere again so consistently as in Daddi; in the St. Paul, and with the same animal resoluteness as in the St. Peter of our picture in the same saint in Daddi's altarpiece at S. Giusto a Signano, in the Altenburg picture, in the Bigallo triptych, in almost any one of Daddi's works chosen at random. The mantle set far back on the head appears with frequency in Orcagna and Daddi. As examples I might mention Mr. Berenson's Virgin, the Berlin three-quarter length, the Bigallo and the Siena triptych, all by Daddi's hand.

The austere patriarchal saints, with the exception of the Baptist who was appropriated from Daddi's Altenburg triptych, are the best part of the picture, and have an equal share of Orcagnesque and Daddesque features. The Child with the pointed chin might easily have been borrowed from the Christ Child in the Altenburg picture or even from that of the Or San Michele altarpiece. The position of Christ's legs and the relative position of the Virgin's hands are proper to the whole of the fourteenth century in Florence, but might have been drawn from Daddi's altarpiece at Or S. Michele or the polyptych of half-lengths at Prato by some one of his school. The high lemon yellow, the blue, the roseate and the white announce themselves with an effect of crude surprise. And yet through it, through the clumsy pedantry of this panel there radiates a genuine dignity which is less of a reflection than a possession.

Its painter was a provincial Florentine, provincial certainly in his taste, of much greater originality as a character than as an artist, who at the time of its painting was probably in the Orcagna shop, having at an earlier time, before Daddi's death in 1348, worked in

his studio, where he lived on the charming influence of his master. As this little Virgin reflects the maturer features of the Cione manner, that of their works falling between 1345 and 1355, it would probably belong to the period immediately following, that is, between 1355 and 1360. It is just possible that it was the same hand that, some decades back, painted the Virgin and Saints (5851) in the Musée Fol, Geneva, ascribed to the school of Taddeo Gaddi.

Of the Sienese pictures in this gallery the most interesting historically is a small Crucifixion (Fig. 3) which has certain instructive affinities to a representation of the same subject¹ at the Metropolitan Museum. The betrayal of the school to which the latter (Fig. 4) belongs is so complete in the types and in the strong, pungent, meridional color that it is hard to conceive how so un-Florentine a painting came to be ascribed to so Florentine a painter as Spinello Aretino. For some time, and thanks to Mr. Berenson, it has been hanging under the name of Bartolo di Fredi. It assumes an importance far in excess of its artistic excellence by being an amplified and reduced copy of the great Crucifixion of Barna in the Collegiata in S. Gimignano.

The main groups, Mary and the holy women, the group of female spectators, the children, the Evangelist, all the child figures left of the cross, the soldiers drawing lots, the two boys behind them, the two central horsemen, and the next four horsemen to the right, with expletives, changes and additions, the angel under the Savior's right arm, and the three crosses, all have been taken over from the original. What remains is the copyist's own invention. In spite of occasional confusions of Barna's and Bartolo's works there can be no question of Barna's authorship here, especially as there is fundamental dissimilarity between the manner and the type of the two paintings and as the resemblances to Bartolo di Fredi are even more considerable.

To anyone who will take pains to see, the correctness of the attribution is demonstrable by a comparison of the heads of the women on the left with those in Bartolo's Crossing of the Red Sea in the Collegiata at S. Gimignano; the small-nosed profiles of the Dormition and Betrothal in the Siena Academy, or of the Annunciation Angel in Budapest, with the head of the Magdalen here; the wings of the same angel with those in our Crucifixion; the edge of the gar-

¹ 20½ x 38½ in.

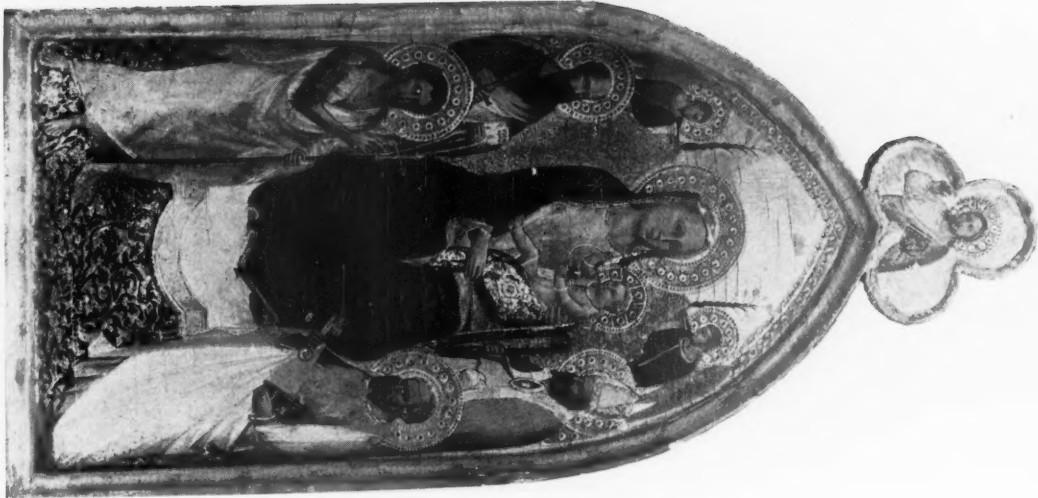


Fig. 2. FOLLOWER OF THE OREAGNA:
THE VIRGIN, SAINTS AND ANGELS.
The New York Historical Society.

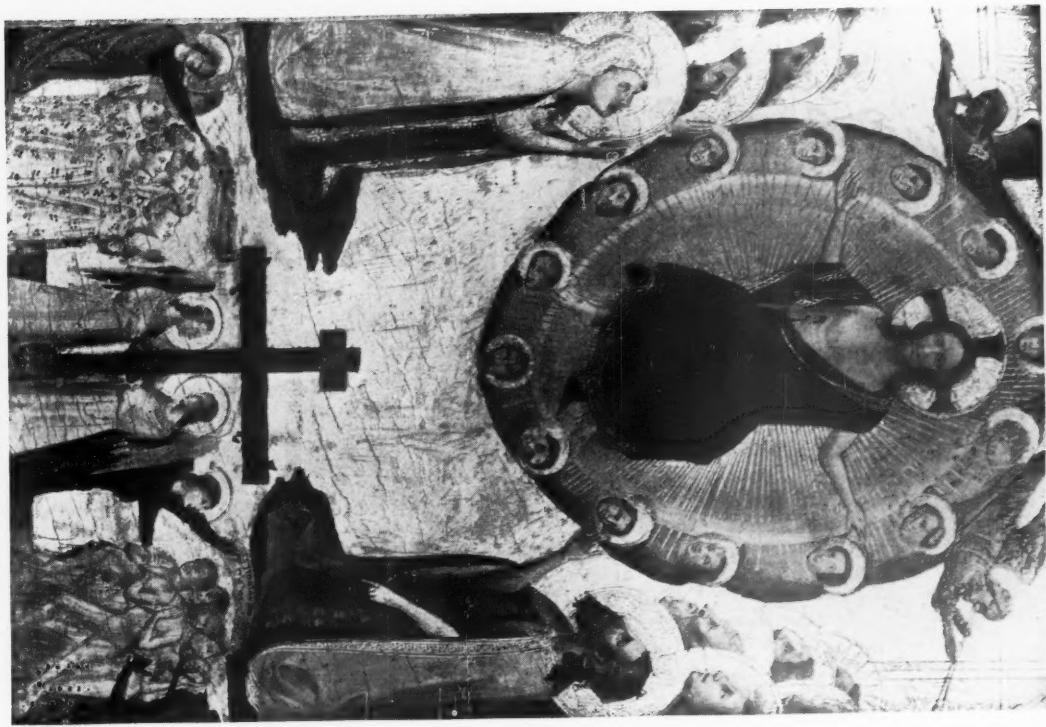


Fig. 1. BERNARDO DADDI: THE LAST JUDGMENT
The New York Historical Society.

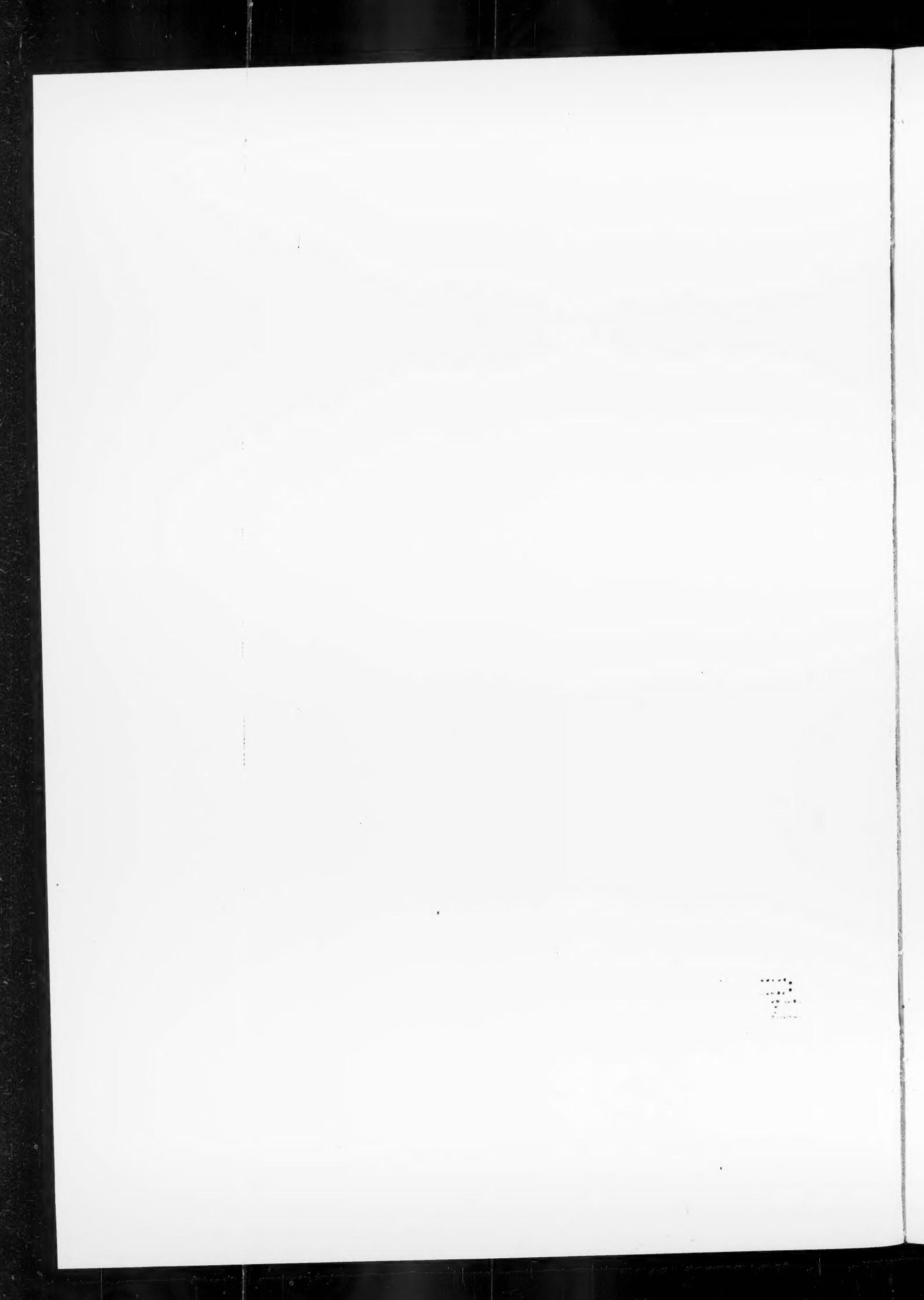
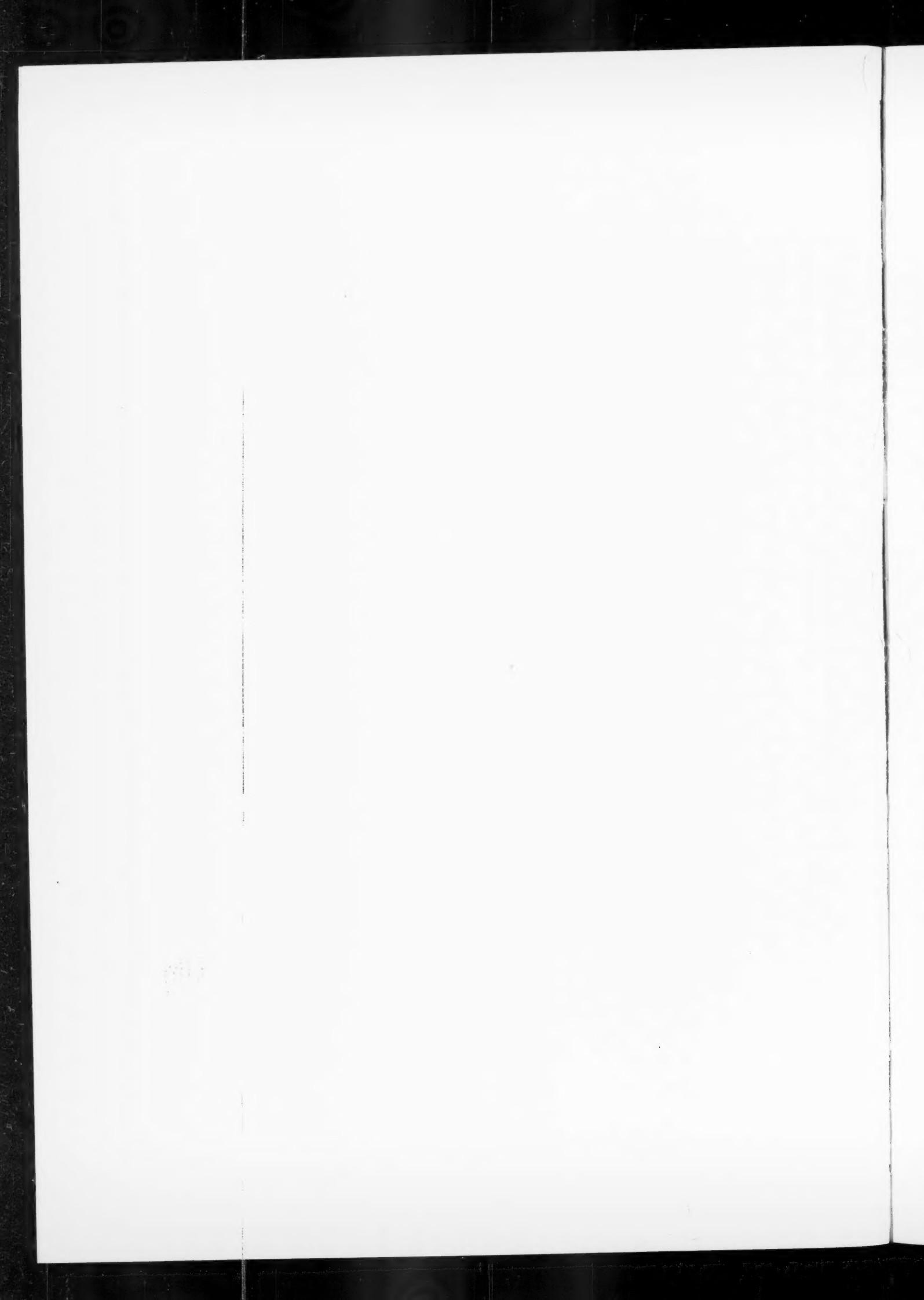




Fig. 3. FOLLOWER OF BARTOLO DI FREDI: THE CRUCIFIXION.
The New York Historical Society.



Fig. 4. ANDREA DI BARTOLO?: THE CRUCIFIXION.
Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.



ment at the neck of the St. John in The Virgin among the Apostles, and of the fourth apostle from the left in the Dormition with the corresponding part of the dress in the Evangelist of our picture; the head of the second apostle from the left in the Dormition in S. Gimignano, those of Joseph and the senior king in the Adoration in Siena, with the head of Longinus in our picture; the solid color and quantitative modelling in the Budapest Annunciation, the Louvre Presentation, and the Siena Adoration, with those in our Crucifixion; the dainty and fragile hands in the four scenes from the Life of the Virgin with those in our picture. Setting this little picture beside the body of his acknowledged work, considering all of his limitations both as a dramatic composer and as a draughtsman, with his unimaginative vision, it is hard to accept this performance as entirely his own. Where the copyist adds to the original he is overcome by his own incompetence. Among less notable failures he has not caught the close causative interdependence of action and mental response of the original, and has misunderstood the compositional design of the two central horsemen and the relation of their movements to their structures.

The small likelihood of Bartolo's own share in the painting of this picture is reduced by the probable dating of the original. Of course, no valid hypotheses can be made on the unreliable testimony of Vasari and Baldinucci. If we assume that Barna died of a fall while painting in S. Gimignano (Vasari) and that his death occurred in 1380 (Baldinucci) the original of our painting was painted sometime after his stay at Arezzo, that is, 1369 and before 1380, probably towards the end of this period, and certainly after Bartolo's second sojourn there (?1366-1368).

On comparison with the later of his dated works and with the most comparable, the ancona painted for the church of S. Francesco at Montalcino dated 1388, the differences between its delicately fashioned faces, the dainty movement and the graceful apathy, and the crudities of style and workmanship of our picture defy the likelihood of an identity of hand.

Close to Bartolo, of his school, yet not by his own hand, our picture must have been painted by some follower or pupil, and of these the only one known to us who might have painted it is Andrea di Bartolo.

On the basis of the small stock of Andrea's known works it would be hard to establish my suggested attribution. At best the coöperative system of painting would put it into the region of intermediate certainty.

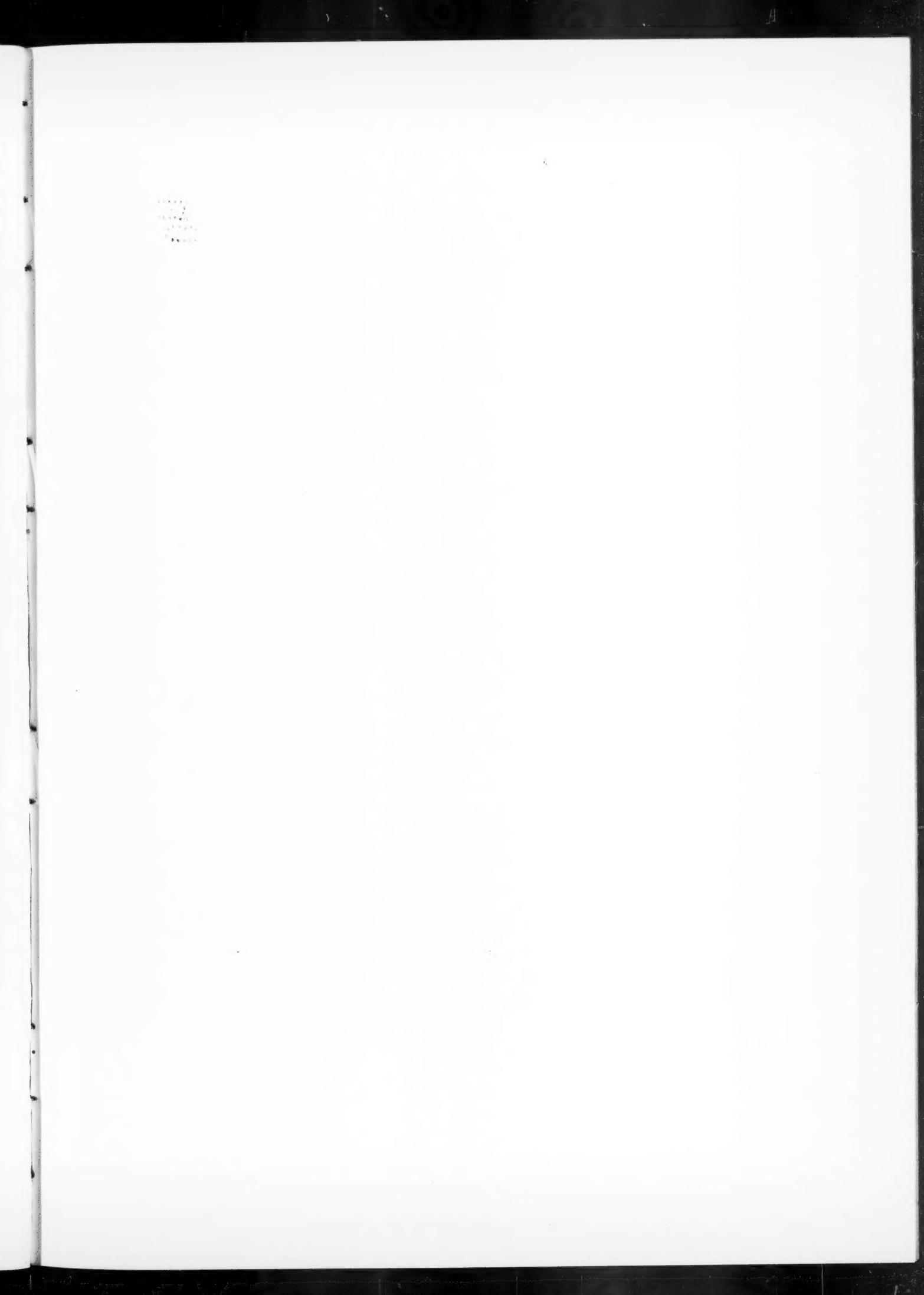
But some of the more significant similarities of our picture to Bartolo's manner increase when it is set beside Andrea's Assumption, formerly in the Yerkes Collection, and the Madonna in S. Pietro Ovile, Siena. The drapery of the Evangelist in our picture has exactly the same hang and fold-ridges and the same crisply drawn gold edging as the St. Thomas in the Yerkes Assumption. The profile of the woman on the left with a braid along her back is repeated in the same figure. The hands and fingers have a similar slimness. The wide eyes of the Assumption and the heavy faces and direct gaze of the Siena Virgin are much nearer the personality whose hand painted the Metropolitan panel than the reticent, vague and dainty types of Bartolo. If by Andrea it was probably painted around 1390.

The little Crucifixion¹ of the Historical Society (Fig. 3) bears strong resemblance to the Metropolitan picture, but not strong enough to make it attributable to the same hand. Its psychological temper is timid and the color, though full of reds, blacks and blues, is pale. The painter of this Crucifixion had less invention, less mobility, duller sense of dramatic action, a more lethargic disposition. The pulse of these people is slower. Technically our painter is feebler, his grouping is less compact, though he gains something by throwing the heavy rocks in back of the side groups, thus isolating the central ones.

If he did not imitate parts of the Metropolitan Crucifixion he probably imitated some picture lineally descended from it. Witness the similarity of the two torsos of Christ and their fashion, the resemblance between the two evangelists and the hold of their draperies round their shoulders; the position of the swooning Madonnas.

As for the authorship, the hand that painted this picture shows mixed traces of Fei's and Bartolo's influence, probably that of some assistant in the shop of Bartolo attracted by the much younger artist. The warm and full colors of Bartolo's school do not suit him entirely and his surface assumes a certain pallor. The woolly execution, the modelling, the heavy-lidded types are Fei's, the color, the

¹ 8½ x 20½ in.





JOSEPH CHINARD: PORTRAIT BUST OF (?) JACQUES-RÉNÉ HÉBERT, CALLED PÈRE DUCHESNE.
Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.

draperies, the straight upper lids, the pantomime Bartolo's. Compare the gaunt legs, the draping of the loin-cloth of the Christ in our picture with those of the Christ in the trefoil of Mr. Berenson's triptych by Fei; the figure with the hexagonal nimbus on the right with the male saint in the right wing of the same triptych, the profile on the left with the Annunciation Angel in the medallion of Mr. Berenson's picture, and with the St. Agnes of the Saracini Fei representing the Virgin with saints and angels; the heavy eyes of the Magdalen and of the holy woman supporting the head of the Virgin with the eyes of the Virgin and of some of the angels in the Saracini picture. One will meet with the faces of the men in this predella piece in almost any of Fei's paintings. Its date would have to be around 1400.

A TERRA-COTTA BUST BY CHINARD · BY JOSEPH BRECK

DESPITE his undoubted ability, the name of Joseph Chinard was well-nigh forgotten, at least by the general public, when a large exhibition of his sculptures, held in 1909-1910, at the Musée des Arts Décoratifs in Paris, revived interest in the work of this artist, who deserves a happier fate than the obscurity of provincial renown. Indeed, it is not too much to say that Chinard at his best ranks among the greatest French sculptors of his century.

It was Chinard's misfortune that he was born a decade or so too late. Had he flourished in the age of Louis XVI instead of during the Revolution and Empire—a period which scarcely invites the same attention for what it achieved in sculpture—not only might his attainments have received to-day wider recognition, but also, under more favorable conditions, it is probable that his art would have reached a more perfect flowering. Chinard was essentially a realist, a student of life and character, and although his genius overflowed the narrow channel of pseudo-classicism to which it was directed by the pedantic taste of his generation, nevertheless, something of his individuality was thereby drained off into the sterile fields of mannerism.

It may be of interest to recount briefly the main events of Chinard's career. He was born in 1756 at Lyons, where, with the exception of his Italian sojourns, he spent the greater part of his

life. He received his early training at Lyons, but in 1784 removed to Rome, where he devoted himself to the study of the antique, copying the masterpieces of ancient art and pondering the lessons of their serene beauty. These studies played an important part in forming his style, but his art was too personal to lose itself in the academic correctness of neo-classicism. In 1788 Chinard returned to Lyons, married, and three years later, toward the close of 1791, went again to Rome. The second visit was brief; in less than a year he was banished as the result of a plastic indiscretion to which his revolutionary and anti-clerical sentiments committed him. To model for the base of a candelabrum, and to exhibit publicly, an allegorical group of Apollo trampling under foot Superstition, the latter clearly indicated as the Church, may have been *à la mode* in France at the time, but it was distinctly unwise in Rome! Chinard was imprisoned for this outrage to religion, but through powerful intercession, escaped with no further penalty than exile.

In December, 1792, he made his way back to Lyons, where he was received with enthusiasm as an artist of increasing promise and as a patriot-martyr who had suffered for his convictions. His Roman adventure would seem to have been sufficient proof of his republicanism, but a year after his return he was denounced as an anti-revolutionist and again thrown into jail. Some of the charges against him were obviously absurd; in any case, they were not serious enough to cause his conviction. One sees only jealousy and spite in such ridiculous accusations as these: that the civic crown which Chinard's statue of Victory for the Hôtel de Ville, held in her right hand, was not raised on high, but lowered and carried backwards with an insulting intention; that his statue of Fame on the Saint-Clair bridge faced toward Switzerland and blew her trumpet as if to recall the *émigrés*; and that the lions of the Porte Saint-Clair, emblematic of the city, were represented with their tails against their flanks, implying civic cowardice. Obviously, good republican lions should flaunt their tails in the air! But ridiculous or not, Chinard had to languish for several months in jail.

While in prison, Chinard modeled an allegory of Innocence in the form of a dove taking refuge in the breast of Justice. According to legend, he sent this to one of his judges, whose heart was so touched that he secured the artist's acquittal. However this may have been, Chinard was set free on February 28, 1794. The pen-

dulum of public opinion executed its customary swing, and our good citizen, who had been so basely accused, found himself busily occupied in making portraits of worthy patriots, in organizing civic fêtes, and executing other public commissions, notably for the decorations erected on the occasion of Bonaparte's various passages through the city. In this way, Chinard was brought to the attention of Napoleon, and won the good graces of the imperial family, many of whom he portrayed at one time or another. Among these were Elisa Bonaparte and her husband, Prince Felix Baciocchi, in whose service the sculptor again visited Italy. Aside from this and a few brief sojourns in Paris, Chinard rarely left his native city, where he died at the height of his success in 1813.

Chinard worked in marble, bronze, and terra-cotta. In general, his statues are less interesting than his sculptures on a smaller scale. A considerable part of his work consists of statuettes of mythological or allegorical subjects, characterized by easy grace, facile invention, and technical ability of no small order. But undoubtedly, it is his portrait busts and portrait medallions which most clearly reveal the exceptional quality of his genius.

Worthy to be classed with his best work is the terra-cotta bust¹ which has lately been acquired by the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The bust is said to have been purchased in Lyons some fifteen or twenty years ago. It was sold in Paris in 1909 and resold in 1911. It appeared in New York at an auction sale of enemy alien property in January, 1919. It was described in the catalogue as "Terra-cotta Bust, French, late XVIII century. Very fine life size bust of a young man, showing the influence of Houdon." It was acquired by the Museum at the sale. As far as the writer knows, the bust is now published for the first time, although it is mentioned among Chinard's works in "Les Artistes Lyonnais," by Alphonse Germain, 1910, p. 34, where it is described as *l'homme aux longs cheveux*, in the possession of M. Bing.

The bust is presumed to be a portrait of the notorious Jacques-René Hébert (1757-1794), better known as Père Duchesne, from the name of the inflammatory journal of *sans-culottisme* which he edited. As an extreme revolutionist, Hébert played a prominent part between 1790-1794 in the political affairs of his time, and even gave his name to a party. His ambition led him into conflict with Dan-

¹ Height: 18 inches.

ton, Desmoulins and Robespierre. His enemies were too powerful for him, and he was decapitated on March 21, 1794. A portrait of Hébert by Bonneville and a crayon drawing by Gabriel in the Musée Carnavalet appear to substantiate the proposed identification, but in such matters it is difficult to arrive at certainty.

The bust is in the form of a herm, the terra-cotta having been filled in with plaster at the sides to complete the base. The arching of the heavy eye-brows and the parting of the lips give an extraordinary expression of animation to the face, which is framed in luxuriant waves of long hair. This nervous energy accords well with what we know of the character of Hébert, the Bolshevik demagogue of the French Revolution, whose scurrilous writings and violent speech breathed the most bitter hatred of the old order.

The modelling reveals a master's hand. Although the bust is unsigned, it is undoubtedly the work of Chinard. No other sculptor of the time, save Houdon, could have expressed in forms so instinct with life the penetrating analysis of character which is conspicuous in this bust. But the style is obviously not that of Houdon, nor the technique, especially in the treatment of the hair, which in its picturesque elaboration is thoroughly characteristic of Chinard. The authorship of the Museum's new accession is unmistakable.

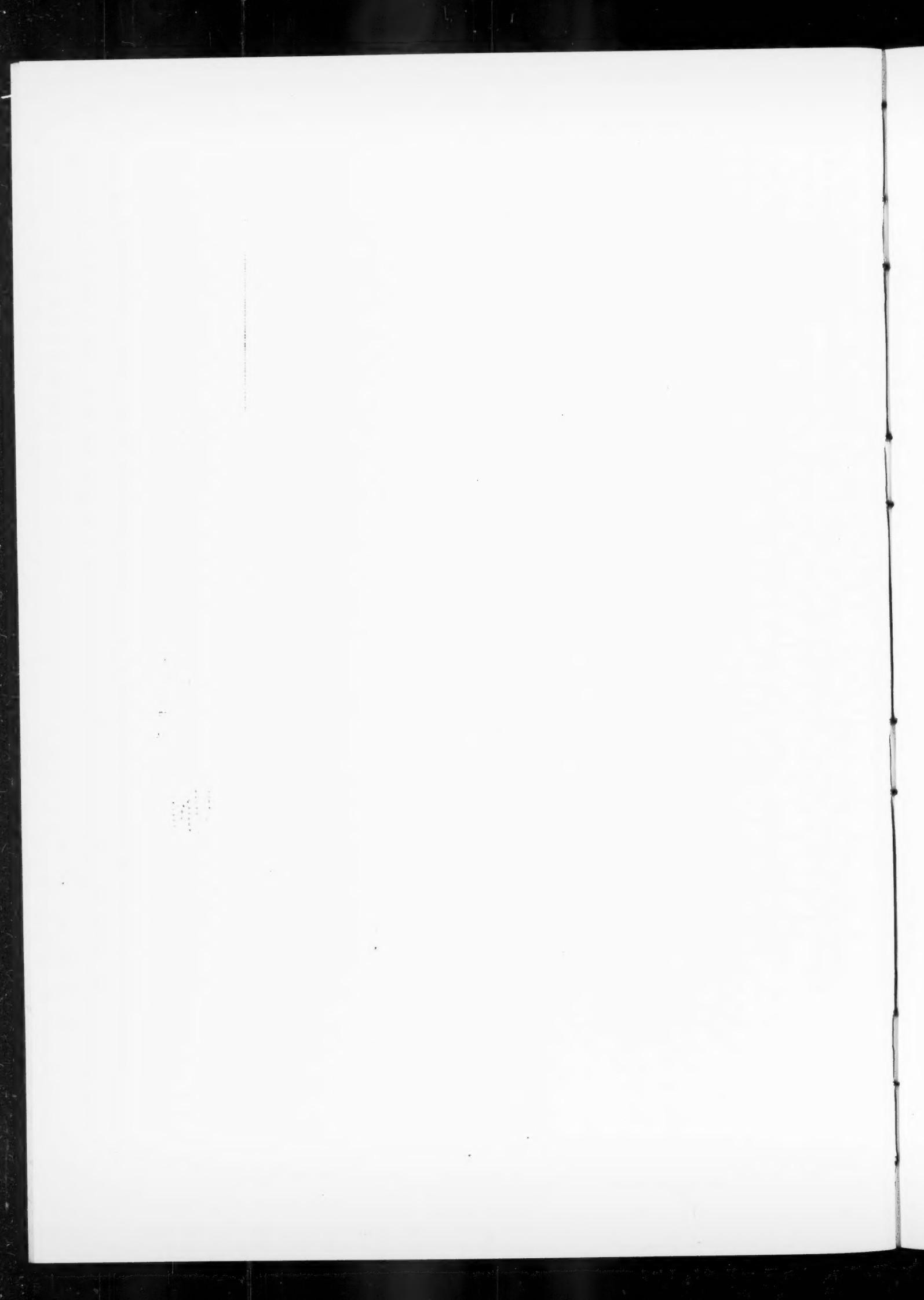
A LANDSCAPE BY T. GAINSBOROUGH • BY MAURICE W. BROCKWELL

THE very fine Landscape by Gainsborough, recently purchased by the Worcester Museum of Art, was one of eleven landscapes by the artist which, together with a self-portrait, long hung at Westbourne Road, Edgbaston, a suburb of Birmingham, in the house of the humble maker and subsequently the prolific manufacturer of steel pens, Joseph Gillott.

It may be recalled that Gillott was born in Yorkshire just eleven years after the death of Gainsborough and that he had none of the advantages of modern education. He was, however, essentially a practical man. For having earned his living in his youth as a mechanic in Sheffield, and learnt to make penknife blades and grind them better than most lads, he realized that his prospects were poor in his native town. Consequently he removed to Birmingham, where he soon devoted his energies and ingenuity to the



THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH: LANDSCAPE.
The Museum of Art, Worcester, Mass.



making of steel pens in a garret to which no one but his wife had access. He used to finish these hand-made pens with blue lacquer, heating them in a common frying-pan on a small fire. And we must remember that in those days steel pens, in contradistinction to quill pens, were sold at more than three shillings each. Having small expenses and no competitors, he made money fast. So great was his industry that, in the early hours of the morning of his wedding to Miss Mitchell, Gillott turned out a gross of pens which he sold at once at a shilling each. The reduction in price was in great measure due to his adapting the press used in button-making to the manufacture of pens. So prodigious was his success that by 1836 he had built a factory and was turning out 36,000,000 pens annually.

Acting on the maxim, as Redford tells us, that "the best of everything is good enough for me," and strong in his determination to rival one or two small but earlier collectors of pictures in Birmingham, he set himself to acquire, like them, paintings by David Cox and the great Turner. In those days most English collectors belonged to families which had enjoyed the possession of pictures for some years. But Gillott, like Bolckow, belonged to the new order. He was self-taught in the outstanding phases of art history, as then understood, as he was in other matters. But acquiring practical knowledge, he came to be known before long for his sound judgment and good taste. In time two galleries were built to contain his paintings, and others were hung in the Entrance Hall, which was lit by a top light. But his fine Turner water colors were hung in the drawing room.

All things give place, in the words of the Greek philosopher. And when his end came, at the age of seventy-two, a catalogue was drawn up of "The renowned Collection of Ancient and Modern pictures and water colours of that well known patron of art." Also the public was reminded that "the noble collection of pictures brought together by the late Mr. Joseph Gillott has enjoyed so worldwide a fame, and been so long regarded by connoisseurs—and justly so—as a complete epitome of the English School, that very little comment is necessary. Being the growth of many years, its formation has been the result of no hasty or indiscriminate purchase." Mid-Victorian sentiment was not accustomed to manifest itself in loquacity, and certainly not in sale catalogues. Nor did the daily press often indulge in eulogy. It is therefore all the more remark-

able to read that "the most important sale in this season at Christie's and one that first began the great rise in the price of modern pictures of the English School was that of the collection formed during many years by Mr. Gillott. Of Gainsborough's there were twelve, all landscapes, and some very fine examples, with one portrait."

We read that "Mr. Gladstone himself was among the number of those present" on the first day of the sale. This canvas did not come up until the fourth day, when the sixty-five pictures offered fetched the then very high total of £36,830, or an average of £566. Such prices were probably commensurate in 1872 with those paid just twenty years later for the ninety-one paintings of the Dudley Collection, which aggregated £99,564, and with the enormous sums paid to-day. Our Grand Landscape is found in the catalogue as No. 284 and as measuring 57 inches by 62 inches. On April 27 it was knocked down for £367.10.0 to "W. Cox." Cox, in fact, purchased quite sixty lots for different buyers, and he evidently rated this one higher than the sum paid. He was a near relative of David Cox, the Birmingham painter, whose *Peace & War* fetched over £3,600. And such a picture was more to the taste of the average collector of that period than was a representative Gainsborough landscape. Moreover, W. Cox had been the great friend of Gillott, who had consulted him regarding almost all his purchases. And as a dealer he lingered on in London until some thirty-five years ago. Our Landscape was described in the catalogue as containing "a horseman at a brook and a flock of sheep descending a hilly road; a milk-maid crossing a rustic bridge and cows in the middle distance." The identification is complete, and we are told that it is one of those "mentioned in Fulcher's 'Life of Gainsborough.'" However, it is difficult to detach this one from the number roughly cited but not fully described by Fulcher, who did not always give the measurements in 1856. It is pretty certain that our picture is that exhibited at the Manchester Art Treasures Exhibition of 1857 by Thomas Todd, and hung as No. 76, A Landscape, among the Paintings by Modern Masters in Saloon D. It is, moreover, practically certain that his widow is the lady mentioned in the Gillott Sale Catalogue as the "Mrs. Todd, of Inverness," in whose collection it was then declared to have been previously.

So important was the Gillott sale that a fully priced edition of the Catalogue, giving the name of the purchaser of each lot, was

subsequently printed. We may note that by the "New York Museum of Art" alone were purchased four Constables, one Crome, one Gainsborough, two Turners, one De Koninck and one Greuze! One would naturally assume that at that date those pictures were added to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, whose first catalogue of paintings seems to have been issued during the same year as the Gillott sale. Yet there is to-day no trace of such paintings in the catalogue of the Museum. Perhaps the sale was not ratified for some reason or other, and thus the Metropolitan's early loss is Worcester's tardy gain. In any case we may note that Turner's oil painting of Kilgarran Castle, then stated to have been bought by the New York Museum of Art for £2,835 (and "considered a very moderate price for this noble example") was twenty-five years later in the Bischoffsheim Collection in London.

Like many lovers of pictures, Gillott was extremely fond of music and thus a collector also of musical instruments. In this respect he resembled Gainsborough, although neither of them was a practical musician. Consequently, after the pictures had been disposed of for £164,501, the fine old Italian musical instruments, including violins and violoncellos by Stradivarius, Guarnerius and other celebrated makers, to the number of 153, changed hands for £4,195. We know of Gainsborough's vagaries of coveting, and making music with, the instruments he acquired, although he never knew his notes. In like manner it was a foible of Gillott to exclaim suddenly in the quiet of his home: "Let's have the Strad out tonight." And then he would twang the strings and, Redford tells us, his face would beam with pleasure.

But what of our picture? Subsequent to its inclusion in the Todd and Gillott Collections, its history is a closed book until it was exhibited about 1892 in a room by itself by Tooth, the London dealer. So suitable was its temporary setting that it was acquired for 7,000 guineas by Sir Horatio Davies, who was at one time Lord Mayor of London. Nothing more is known of it until its sale to the Worcester Art Museum. Painted on canvas and measuring 57 inches by 62 inches, its being almost square is a cause of surprise and contrasts with the approximate size of 47 inches by 57 inches that the artist used in giving to posterity such supreme creations as the Harvest Cart of the Swaythling Collection; the Mall, in recent times secured by Mr. Frick; and the signed Market Cart,

which in 1913 passed from Sir Audley Needl to Judge Gary. Doubtless our artist felt that some part of the consonance and mystery was derived from the exquisite scale which he therein adopted. It is most interesting to remark how, in his earlier achievements—among which this example is to be included—Gainsborough had had to experiment with his materials. With him the selection of the subject matter to convey a mood was a simple affair. It was ready to his hand in the neighborhood of Bath, where, we take it, this picture was painted towards the end of his second period. The internal evidence of our Landscape shows that in the brushing of the trees in the right foreground he is still in some slight degree affected by the methods of Wynants and other Dutch exemplars. As he progresses and sweeps his hand half unconsciously across the canvas towards the left, he shakes it free of any such formative influence. Thus in the final strokes of the foliage the touch becomes "feathery." And as he gets up from his easel he has given us the first indications of his fast approaching *manière hachée*, as a French writer might call it, and prepared us for the lightness of touch and minimum of effort which mark the National Gallery's Market Cart of 1786. For there cannot be much more than a dozen years between the almost square composition at Worcester and the upright landscape at Trafalgar Square.

This is hardly the place to enlarge on the varied experiences of Gillott with the painters of his own day or to recount the breezy, but ultimately successful, interview which the art-patron had with Turner, the one man who saw nature in relation and subjection to the human soul, after he had managed to get past that "sort of female cerberus" who acted as Turner's housekeeper. Rather would we recall the wording of Gainsborough to William Jackson of Exeter: "I'm sick of portraits and wish very much to take up my viol-da-gamba and walk off to some sweet village where I can paint landscapes." We can without much difficulty visualize the intractable Gainsborough brushing away, from time to time, at this and the other landscapes which our pen-maker, would-be musician, and exacting art-collector was to cherish until his death.

FIGURE PICTURES BY WYATT EATON · BY FREDERIC FAIRCHILD SHERMAN

WYATT EATON, whose parents were of New England stock, was born May 6th, 1849, at Phillipsburg, on Missiquoi Bay, a tributary of Lake Champlain. As early as his eighteenth year he had determined upon his career, and going to New York began the study of art at the National Academy of Design under Samuel Colman, Daniel Huntington and others, working at the same time in the studio of Joseph Orion Eaton, from whom he also received instruction. Five years later, in 1872, he went abroad and after a short stay in London, where he met and received some valuable suggestions from Whistler, he proceeded to Paris and entered the *atelier* of Gérôme at the Beaux-Arts. The next four years he divided between Paris and Barbizon, and during this interval was fortunate enough to become a sort of *protégé* of Millet's, who both criticized his work and favored him with good advice. Millet's influence, of course, is evident in much of Eaton's painting of this period, but he was neither a copyist nor a servile imitator, and very soon thereafter had developed a very characteristic as well as a very distinguished style of his own. Shortly after his return to this country he joined with Walter Shirlaw, Augustus St. Gaudens and others in the formation, in 1877, of the Society of American Artists, of which he was the first Secretary.

He was singularly gifted, not alone as a painter but as a critic and a writer. His "Notes on the Early Italian Masters," "Recollections of Millet"¹ and "Recollections of American Poets"² are extremely interesting and suggestive reading. He was also as much of a master with pencil as with brush. His drawings, of which a considerable number have been preserved, are accurate and illuminating in their exposition of the persuasive beauty of the human form, very sensitive in touch and very alluring in line. He made portrait drawings from life of Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson, Holmes and Bryant, all of which were engraved by Timothy Cole and published in the *Century Magazine*. The portrait in oil of Bryant (Fig. 1) which now hangs in the Brooklyn Museum is perhaps the finest thing of the kind he produced, though he painted many portraits, not a

¹ *The Century Magazine*, May, 1889, p. 90.

² *The Century Magazine*, October, 1902, p. 843.

few of which probably would be famous if known to the public. The Bryant has a solidity that is convincing and a frankness that is enticing. The brush is handled with great skill but with evident freedom, and a certain boldness that makes for bigness in the best sense characterizes the technic of the painting. It is summary and yet restrained in handling, dignified and yet engaging as a portrait. Somehow he seems to me to have managed to incorporate in the likeness of the man the portrait of the poet, for the picture always suggests the author of the immortal things like "Thanatopsis" which Bryant wrote.

Mrs. Eaton in her brief sketch of her husband's life¹ says that "one of his most cherished desires was to become a painter of the nude," and it may be added that his later years were pretty much devoted to the effort to realize this ambition. His works of the kind are few, but for purity and grace they are hardly to be excelled in American painting. The Ariadne (Fig. 3) in the Evans Collection at the National Gallery is to my mind one of our three greatest paintings of the nude. Felicitous and natural in pose, rich and harmonious in color, sweet and pure in feeling, it intrigues one with all sorts of happy suggestions of the idyllic charm, the tender and exquisite poetry of youth dreaming, as it were, in the safety of a paradise on earth. The Ariadne of John Vanderlyn is more famous because it is better known, but it is hardly so fine. Perhaps those who are partial to the painting of the period think it a finer work, but their reason for so doing can have nothing to do with any attribute of perfection save that which finds expression in the work of Bouguereau. The Vanderlyn-Bouguereau type of nude has relatively little of the suggestion of life to recommend it, however perfect it may be in drawing and in modeling. In color it tends to sugariness and in line approaches the fixity of a "cast." The fleeting flushes of color that give charm to Eaton's nudes, the suppleness of line that imbues them with the semblance of life, the earlier artists neither understood nor attempted.

The remaining nude of Eaton's which I reproduce is, though unfinished, hardly less lovely than the Ariadne. To the painter and the serious student of painting it is peculiarly interesting, entirely because it is unfinished, as therefore it is possible to trace through various passages in it his manner of painting. Formerly

¹ *The Century Magazine*, October, 1902.

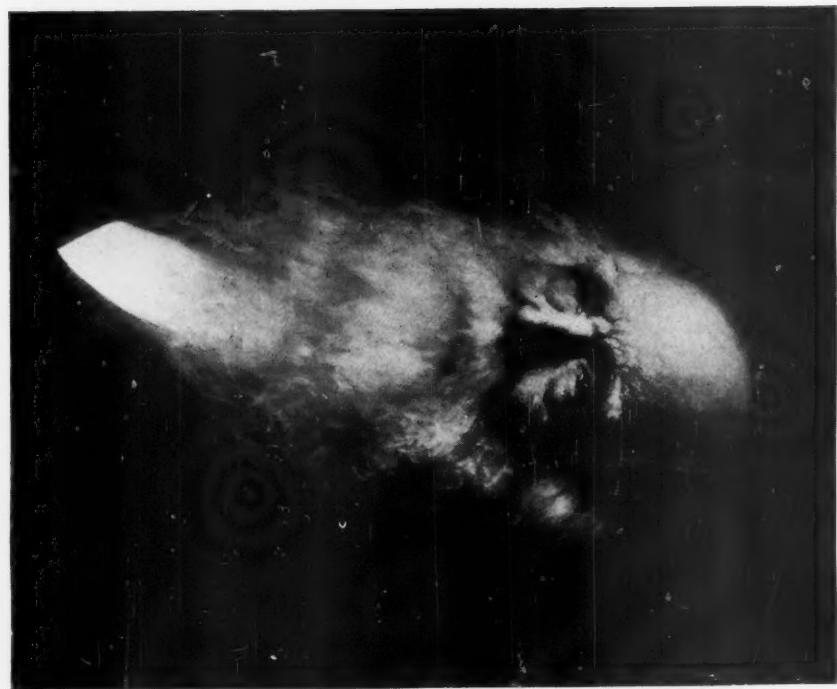


Fig. 1. WYATT EATON: WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.
Museum of Art, Brooklyn, N. Y.



Fig. 2. WYATT EATON: REVERIE.
The William T. Evans Collection, 1900.

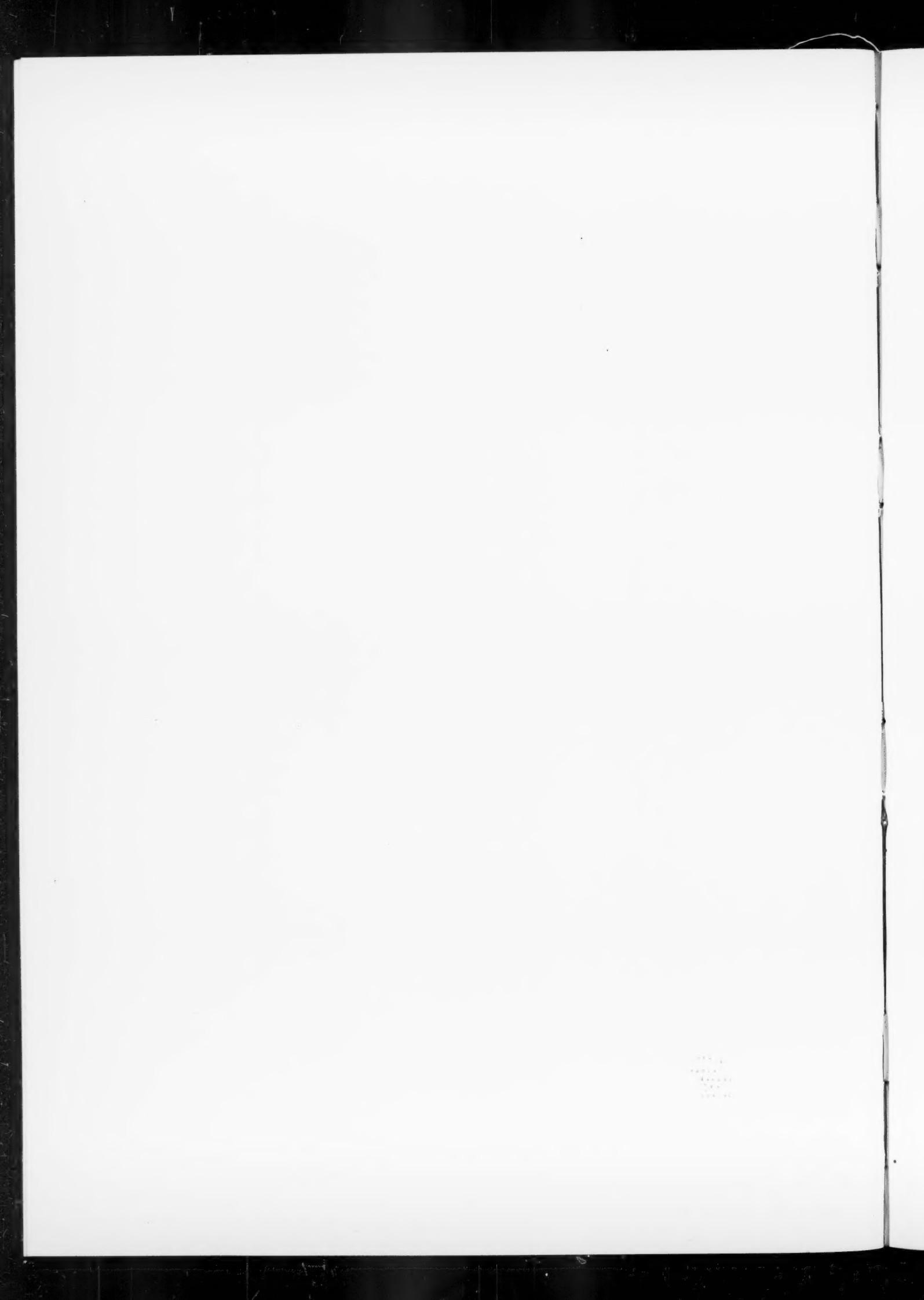
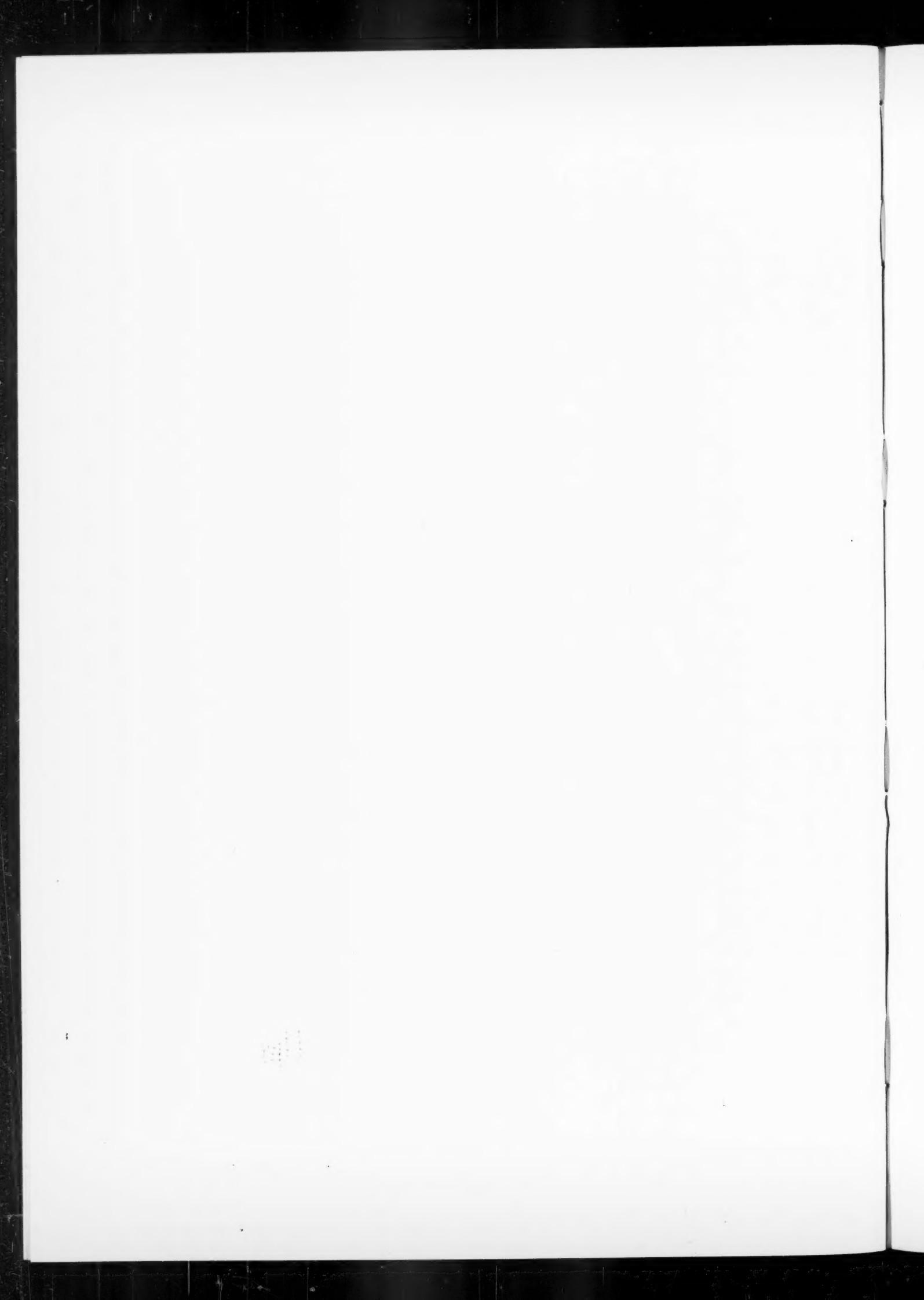




Fig. 3. WYATT EATON: ARIADNE.
Evans Collection, National Gallery, Washington, D. C.



Fig. 4. WYATT EATON: LASSITUDE.
Collection of Frederic Fairchild Sherman, New York.



the property of the late William M. Chase and entitled *Lassitude* (Fig. 4), it is a fascinating study of a model resting against a greenish drapery in slumberous relaxation, the light falling full upon the figure and emphasizing the graceful physical beauty of the supple form and the evanescent pearl and ivory tones of the nude flesh. The workmanship is wonderful in its suggestion of the painter's understanding of the problem; everything is finished in its finality as far as he has gone with the canvas; and because one feels how surely it would have eventually realized all expectations if he had lived to complete it, it has somehow almost the distinction of a finished work.

The *Reverie* (Fig. 2) is a picture of a more popular pattern, but a very unusual and expressive one. Its chief interest is as an interpretation of a particular mood, though the obvious elegance of the arrangement or design is too apparent not to occasion remark. The brushwork is very deft, the touch fluent and the color gracious and reserved, as befits the subject. No detail of dress or surroundings is sufficiently developed to divert one's attention, howsoever slightly or momentarily, from the supreme interest of the canvas, and yet the fabrics of the costume are painted with consummate skill and the reflection in the mirror is well-nigh a real piece of pure perfection in pictorial art.

Wyatt Eaton's oil paintings are not common; only three that I know of are in public museums—the *Ariadne* at Washington, the *Harvester at Rest* in the Hillyer Art Gallery, Northampton, Mass., and the *William Cullen Bryant* in Brooklyn. Several others I am familiar with are in private collections, besides a number of portraits in Canadian homes. His work in oil is, I think, almost as lovely as it is rare, and any representative exhibition of it would, I feel confident, result in a belated realization of the genuineness of his genius and might rank him with the relatively few American masters.

One unconsciously recalls the old saying about "those whom the gods love dying young" when looking at the most beautiful of Wyatt Eaton's pictures, though, save in the sense that he did not live to be an old man, he was not really young when death overtook him. He died June 7, 1896, at Newport, R. I., in his forty-eighth year. His works, whether portrait, figure composition, nude or landscape, always have about them an air of classic simplicity.

Tricks of technic, beauty that is only skin deep, either of the human countenance or of oil paint, design that is dominating if not dignified, he happily managed to do without. Nothing, I imagine, interested him so much as the effort to get at the truth, whether it had to do with a reflection in a mirror, a human likeness, some scene from nature or an undraped figure; and the more I study his product the more strongly I feel that truth is not only "stranger than fiction" but also more beautiful. He is a consummate craftsman who can dispense with most of the proverbial license that is allowed the artist and yet manage to produce a real work of art, and Wyatt Eaton succeeded at times in doing just that—primarily because it was rather truth of feeling than merely accuracy of representation that he aimed at in his canvases.

CHINESE ANTIQUE BRONZES · BY JOHN C. FERGUSON

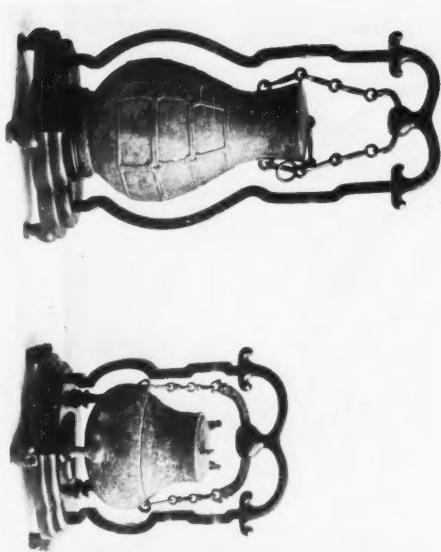
ALTHOUGH the traditions contained in the earliest literary records indicate that the civilization of China was among the earliest, if not indeed the earliest, of all nations, yet the remains of this ancient life which can be identified are few. There are no stone monuments as early even as Rome has handed down, not to mention those of other more ancient civilizations. Specimens of prehistoric earthenware have not been exhumed, since there has been no systematic or scientific search for them. Existing specimens of pottery are the result of the labors of the curio dealers, not of the antiquarian, of the investigator of the curious rather than of the historically valuable.

It thus transpires that up to the present time the earliest specimens of Chinese artistic impulse are bronze vessels. Writers on antiquarian subjects for more than a thousand years have assigned some of these to the Shang Dynasty, which ended B.C. 1121, and there is no good reason for denying the correctness of this theory. On the contrary, there is every probability that, the more possible thorough scientific investigation becomes, the earlier will be the period to which known bronze vessels and implements will be attributed.

Their use was ceremonial and religious. This was in keeping with the spirit of ancient Chinese organized life, which was based



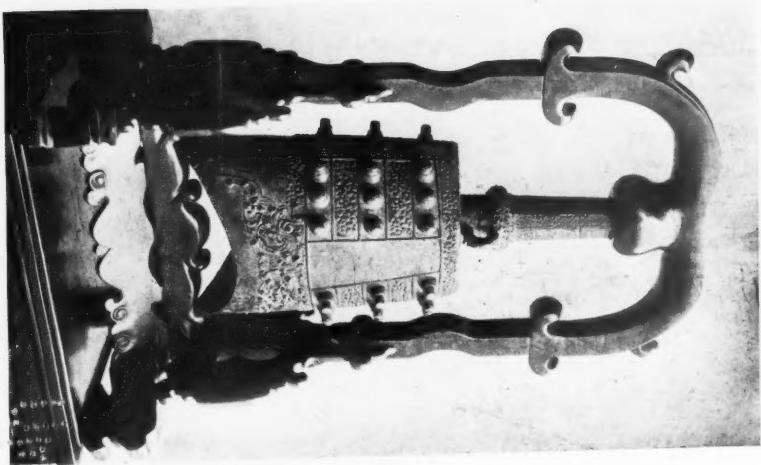
BRONZE WINE VESSEL.
Chow Dynasty.



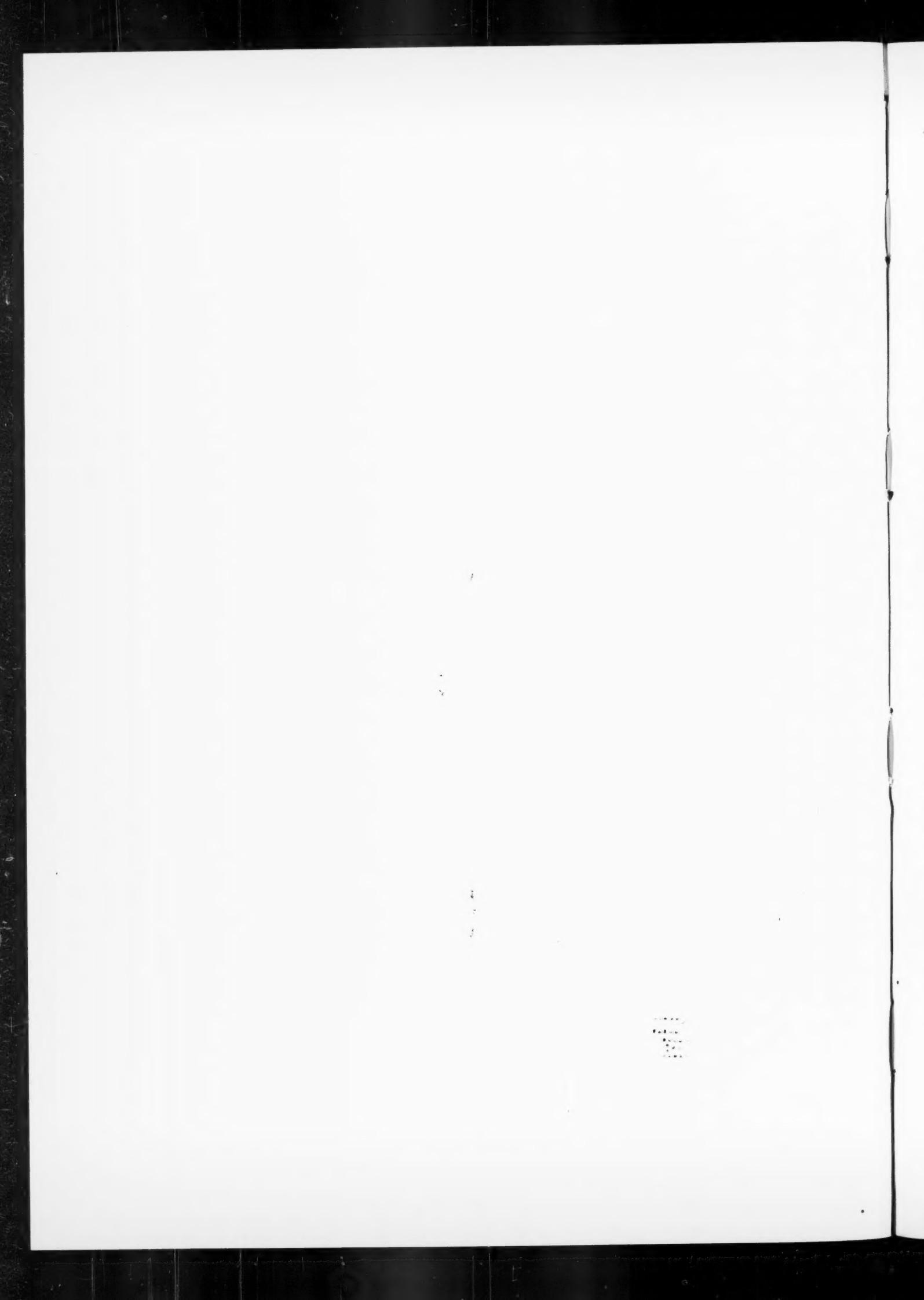
TWO WINE VESSELS WITH HANDLES.
Han Dynasty.



THREE SACRIFICIAL WINE CUPS.
Chow and Shang Dynasties.



BRONZE BELL.
Chow Dynasty.



upon ceremony, both tribal and family. There was also profound belief in divination, and elaborate rites were observed in connection therewith, but in these there was only an incidental use of vessels. Their essential importance was wholly in connection with ceremonial observances.

On many vessels were inscriptions written in the undeveloped script of the time. These inscriptions were usually cast into the bottom or sides of vessels when they were made and only occasionally were they ever incised. The earliest inscriptions contained only one or two characters and consisted of the name of the donor or the person in whose honor the vessel was cast. Sometimes the inscription is a key to the circumstance under which the vessel was used. In the Chow Dynasty (1122-1255) the inscriptions are longer and contain many valuable historical references which are interesting confirmations of the earliest written records. To the student of art, the chief value of these inscriptions is the evidence they afford that from the very commencement of writing in China there has been the continuous purpose of making writing an artistic expression. Writing had for its object not alone the conveyance of ideas, but also their statement in an artistic form. Such primal ideas as "father" and "son," when found on bronze vessels of the Shang Dynasty, are written in a form which exhibits the artistic taste of the writer. The formation of these characters is ideographic, but is made in such a way as to have an artistic appeal, and this characteristic differentiates them from Egyptian hieroglyphics, which symbolize ideas by the use of crude animal forms. Symbolism on early Chinese bronzes was confined to decorative designs, where an ogre is represented as a warning against greed and a dragon as an omen of spring showers; it has small part in the shaping of Chinese early characters. In this work artistic suggestion held sway.

There is a very great variety in the shapes of these bronze vessels. The *ting*, usually spoken of as tripods although sometimes having four feet, were vessels for meat-offerings; the *chung* were bells which were struck as signs for various stages of ceremonial observances; the *tsun* were wine jars; the *chih* and *tsioh* were wine-cups; the *yu* were wine-pots with bronze handles and these were often elaborately decorated. There are seventy-three different shapes of bronze vessels in the Government Museum, Peking, and for each of these there was a specified ritualistic use. They are divided readily into

a few main classes, such as those used for meat-offerings, those used for oblations, those used for peace-offerings; some were designed for altar use, others were for storage of sacrificial objects at the side of the altar, and others were used for preparation or presentation of objects.

The decoration of these vessels varied from the use of a plain scroll band around the rim of a tripod to an elaborate design covering the whole surface, within and without, of a bell such as may be found in the remarkable specimen in the Metropolitan Museum, New York. One scroll found on many vessels is similar to a well-known Greek style, but there is no probability of their having any other kind of a common origin than may be found in minds devoted to geometric lines. There are designs of animals combined with geometric patterns; the cicada is frequently found, but the most common of all are crude representations of clouds and thunder. The design was often elaborated by inlays of gold and silver in the sunken patterns of the castings.

Apart from the beauty of the shapes and the strength of the decorative designs, a most attractive feature of early bronzes is their patina. This differs from the green rust which can be produced artificially on the surface of any bronze vessel irrespective of its age, in that the patina of genuine early bronzes is not an exterior product; it is the combination of the metal with other chemical substances from the air or the earth in such manner that they become one. The process is slow and gradual; the resultant ærugo is beautiful. There is as great a contrast between the genuine patina of ancient vessels and that which has been artificially produced as between glass and crystal. Vessels preserved in ancient tombs which were well built and protected against dampness have a bright king-fisher blue patina; those which have been subject to the influences of damp earth have a green color which resembles the rind of a melon. Vessels which have never been buried have a dark brown color with red patches. Others which have been buried in the soil have several colors.

Excellent examples of ancient Chinese bronzes may be found in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, the Metropolitan Museum of New York, the University Museum, Philadelphia, and the Cleveland Museum.

